



164th Infantry Regiment Publications

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3-1983

## 164th Infantry News: March 1983

164th Infantry Association

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# The 164<sup>th</sup> INFANTRY News

Vol. 22 Number 1

1983 is our 38 Ass'n Yr.

March, 1983

## Presentation of The Bronze Star Medal

To  
**DON D. OSTER**  
Mesa, AZ



A Bronze Star Medal was presented to Don in recognition of Exemplary Conduct in Ground Combat against the armed enemy.

This medal was presented to Don forty (40) years after he was in action with the famed Americal Division i.e. the 164th Inf. Reg. The caption reads for Exemplary Conduct in Ground Combat in the European-African-Middle Eastern theater of operations. Given on

## Panel Favors Paying Japanese-Americans Confined During WWII

Los Angeles Times — Washington, D.C. — A nine-member commission appointed by Congress will soon recommend that the federal government financially compensate thousands of Japanese-Americans on the West Coast who were confined in detention camps during World War II.

The panel also plans to call on Congress and the president to issue a formal apology to the Japanese-Americans who were affected, according to commission members. It will also recommend establishment of a special trust fund whose income could be used for projects honoring the Japanese-Americans.

One panel member, former Rep.  
*(Continued on page 3)*

the 28th day of July 1982 just forty years after the unit was still new in the South Pacific.

Don was a member of G Co Valley City and was inducted with that unit in 1941. While the papers read European theater I'm certain that in forty years some clerk possibly erred. Congratulations Don and the best to you and Joyce there in Mesa.

Mr. Donavan D. Oster  
862 91st Place South  
Mesa, AZ 85208

Dear Mr. Oster:

It gives me great pleasure to pass on your Bronze Star Medal certificate. It is indeed a great honor to receive such a high award and you should be justifiably proud of your actions that led to this honor.

Colonel (Retired) Winston Wallace also passes along his warmest regards and requested that I let you know how much he enjoyed being able to present you with your medal this past summer.

Again, let me congratulate you on your award and wish you the best of luck in the future.

Sincerely,  
JEROME O. RONNINGEN  
MAJ(P), MP  
Professor of Military Science

## 1983 Reunion Basics

Work on the 1983 164th Infantry Association Reunion is underway. With the very able direction of Ralph L. Gaugler who has agreed to put in time needed to head up the reunion, committees in addition to his busy work schedule. On 2 March 1983 at 7:30 PM a preliminary meeting was held by our president William Tillotson, Ralph Gaugler and yours truly Keith Parsons wherein some of the basics were decided upon for the 164th Inf. Assoc. Reunion. It is to be held on 14, 15 & 16 Oct 1983 at Bismarck, N.D.

A committee meeting is planned for at 7:00 PM on 19 April 1983 at the Bismarck Elks.

Projected committees areas follows: Finance, Fund Raising, Publicity & Orchestra, Program, Registration, Housing, Clean Up Crew, Banquet, Ladies Activities, Transportation, Friday Mixer, Saturday Lunch/Luncheon and Photography.

The various committee heads are to be announced at a later date. It is tentatively decided that the main efforts of the reunion will be held in one location for purposes of simplicity in housing and a saving on transportation requirements. Complete details to include locations, committee heads, area maps, programs, ladies activities, etc. will be published in the June and October issue of the News.

## Your 1983/84 Officers:

President: William W. Tillotson  
Vice President: Gordon M. Lamont  
Sec./Treasurer: Herbert J. Mack  
Editor/Historian: Keith P. Parsons  
Executive Committee:  
Donald K. Van Slyke  
Clayton Kingston  
Chaplain: Open



## Invocation

by  
EDWARD F. LUTZ

*Given At St. Paul Reunion*

I am grateful for the opportunity to be with you, even though I am not a veteran.

I spent most of World War II in India as a son of a missionary, and was exempted from military service thereafter by virtue of my preparation for the ministry.

But I did have a close friend who lost his life in the fighting, while a second friend was injured serving under General Patton in the conquest of Germany.

So, thanks for the invitation.

In the Good Book our Lord says that "when a strong man, fully armed, guards his own house, his possessions are safe and in peace. But when one stronger attacks and overpowers him, he takes away the armor in which the man trusted and divides up the spoils."

He was speaking, of course, in spiritual terms.

Horrendous forces of evil are constantly seeking to demoralize and enslave us.

And the implication is that we should put on the whole armor of God, make use of divine resources of strength that are available to all of us, so that we might resist those evil influences and live happy lives with God.

But the principle also holds true in a natural, physical sense.

The best offense is, first of all, a good defense.

Quoting the father of our country, George Washington: "To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace."

There are many in our country who do not share that feeling.

They would see us take the course of appeasement . . . weaken our national defenses . . . and take the risk of attack from abroad, because, presumably, they see vast social programs of feeding the hungry and helping the poor as more important.

But what happens to the poor and needy when they are forced to live under conditions that exist in Poland today

and in many other places of the world?

The greatest longing of this creature we call "Homo sapiens" is freedom.

Nothing can take the place of liberty.

Our country was founded upon it.

For that very reason the War of Independence was fought.

And, if it has to be — God forbid, but if it has to be — other wars are worth fighting.

Winston Churchill once said: "There are many things worse than war. Slavery is worse than war. Dishonor is worse than war."

John Stuart Mill expressed much the same thought: "War is an ugly thing, but not the ugliest of things: the decayed and degraded state of moral and patriotic feeling which thinks nothing worth a war is worse."

The very reason that draws you together here this evening would indicate that you share those sentiments ... at least to a large degree.

Many of you spent months, and even years, beyond the borders of our land, living under most difficult conditions, and endangering your lives so that our cherished American freedoms might be preserved.

And it was not much easier on the disstaff side, for sitting at home alone when your heart is half way around the world, and wondering each time the phone rings whether this might be that dreaded call is no picnic.

You served willingly — reluctantly, perhaps, but willingly.

I want to thank you for what you did. My life has been richly blessed because of your generosity. God has helped use

## Wanted To Locate How About It?

Does anyone know the whereabouts of Edgar Collins? He served with Co F and was from Windsor, Missouri.

I enjoy the 164th News, keep up the good work. Had to miss the last reunion but will make the next one. P.S. Use the extra to have a cup of coffee.

Sincerely,

John M. Paulson

Carrington, N. Dak. 58421

*Editors Note: Thanks John for the addresses.*

## The Last Roll Call

It has been reported that the following named members of the 164th Infantry have answered the LAST ROLL CALL since our last issue:

C.E. (Gene) Dresser	Nov 1982	Spiritwood, ND
Howard N. Beers	Feb 1983	Bismarck, ND
William R. Tronson	March 1983	Billings, MT

you to make it possible for me to spend 32 fruitful years in public Gospel ministry, all of which could have been so different, IF . . . IF.

And the bottom line of that IF is the young men of your 164th Infantry Regiment who cannot be with you tonight, simply because they were called upon to make the supreme sacrifice.

No doubt you have often wondered why it was they and not you, but God works in mysterious ways His wonders to perform.

In grateful memory of those who gave their lives for our country and the freedoms we cherish, let us observe one minute of silence.

Edward F. Lutz

1068 W. Iowa Ave.

St. Paul, MN 55117

Hi good Buddy,

Here is my dues and something more for the kitty.

Thanks again for all the work that all of you did to put this great 164th Asso. together. Just like to say to Bob and George, wonderful seeing you two again and Bob, I'll be coming out to Seattle this summer so be seeing you.

Walt

Wallace Chiney

St. Paul, MN 55113

## NOTICE PLEASE

This is your paper and it needs your support. It needs your stories, letters, and pictures to make it as good and readable as you desire. When sending in stories or photos of news interest, please identify all photos. Black and white glossy prints seem to reproduce best. Color prints may be used to a lesser degree of clarity if they are sharp photos. Photos used will be returned to sender when requested.

Thank you respectfully,

KEITH P. PARSONS

*Editor*

## The 164th Infantry News

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by the 164th Infantry Association  
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KEITH P. PARSONS

*Editor*

POSTMASTER:

Send address changes to the  
164th Inf. News, Box 1111,  
Bismarck, N.D. 58502.



## Letters . . .

816 110th Place SE  
Everett, WA 98204  
December 3, 1982  
Dear Editor:

I was about to read Ann Landers in the Seattle P.I. when in the next column was a very familiar face, now he told me the picture was wrong because it didn't have any number on it, but he said we could put it in the corn patch to scare

(Continued from page 1)

Robert Drinan, D-Mass., said that the commission may recommend compensation at a rate of up to \$25,000 for each of the 60,000 survivors of the relocation camps — a total of \$1.5 billion. Other members said, however, that the exact amount of the compensation has not yet been settled and could be considerably lower.

The panel, formally called the Commission on Wartime Relocation and Internment of Civilians, was set up by Congress in 1980 to study how the Japanese-Americans were treated during World War II and what if anything should be done to compensate them.

The commission is supposed to report its findings and recommendations to Congress next month. It has scheduled a meeting for next Monday to give its approval to at least some portions of the final report.

However, Drinan told the Los Angeles Times yesterday that a consensus has already been reached among commission members to recommend payment of compensation to the survivors of the detention camps, to urge an official apology and to suggest creation of the trust fund.

A second commission member, who asked not to be identified by name, agreed with Drinan's Account.

The second commission member, who asked not to be identified by name, agreed with Drinan's account.

The commission itself has no authority to decide whether the Japanese-Americans will be able to collect compensation. That decision can be made only by Congress, which would have to pass legislation authorizing the money.

In all, approximately 120,000 Japanese-American citizens and permanent resident aliens were evacuated from their homes and kept in relocation camps during World War II.

The order authorizing their detention was signed by President Franklin D. Roosevelt on Feb. 19, 1942, less than three months after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.

away crows. I'm referring to our friend Dr. George Schatz.

Doc informed me he was surprised to hear and see he was quoted by the senior citizens writer, and he did say lots of his interview was not printed as he told it. But our Schatz loves to give his side, and still refers to the men of the 164th as his boys. All makes us that are around very proud, and he's very proud also of the 164th.

Dr. Schatz's health is pretty fair because he has the best of care by his daughter and son-in-law who live next door and his grandchildren love grandpa just as we do. We live about 8 miles away.

Enclosed find a check for the '83 dues and the extra for expenses and as this is my only article about Dr. Schatz, please return it to me. Maybe you can run the picture, he never changed his looks in 41 years (no humor).

Sorry my dues were overlooked and never want to become delinquent.

Thank you.

Lyle P. Aljets

**Dr. George Schatz, left, motions as he tells stories about his long career as a physician. Lending an eager ear is friend Joe Marshall.**

9 December 1982

Mr. Al Bonney  
Guadalcanal Campaign Veterans  
Post Office Box 26  
Brunswick, Maine 04011  
Dear Mr. Bonney:

I have just received my October, 1982, issue of *Guadalcanal Echoes* and, somehow, I feel completely frustrated.

At the outset, however, I want to congratulate Thomas L. Cleary for doing what the United States Government should have done long ago. I have been on Guadalcanal three times since WWII and have deplored the lack of recognition given to the US troops which fought for the island. I have also had my rounds with the War Memorials Commission and having been the recipient of the Commission's ridiculous "all or nothing" attitude and requirements for a monument. But Tom Cleary took the bull by the horns and did the job.

That which frustrates me is that the memorial only honors the US Marines. The GCV gave its unqualified endorsement(s) to the reunion and the memorial services and, checking over past issues of *Echoes*, I cannot find a single reference to the fact that this was to be a single service memorial. Cleary was a Marine and cannot be faulted. However, somehow, I feel duped.

Now, I feel that it is *absolutely incumbent upon GCV* to spearhead a drive for

the placement of monuments by: the US Navy; 13th USAAF; Americal Division; 25th Division; CBs; etc. etc. at this point where the present memorial stands. And, if you cannot get the respective associations to undertake the project, then GCV **must** do it.

As you know very well, GCV used the connections which I had developed with Jack Read and Noelle Mason in conjunction with its own efforts to get them to attend the dedication. Thank goodness there is a plaque to the Coast-watchers. But Jack and Noelle were the official delegates of the Americal Division with no marker to honor. In going back over their letters since the services, I now can read in the missing Americal part of the event. Now, ". . . I'm sorry that you were not there but . . . for your sake . . . you [should be] satisfied that you could not make the arrangement ..."

W. Mark Durley, Jr.  
ex-164th Inf., Americal Div.  
and  
Associate Member GCV  
1485 North Blosser Road  
Santa Maria, Calif. 93454  
816 110th Place SE  
Everett, WA 98204  
December 3, 1982

Dear Editor:

I was about to read Ann Landers in the Seattle P.I. when in the next column was a very familiar face, now he told me the picture was wrong because it didn't have any number on it, but he said we could put it in the corn patch to scare away crows. I'm referring to our friend Dr. George Schatz.

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Thank you.

Lyle P. Aljets





## Letters . . .

13 December, 1982  
Mr. W. Mark Durley, Jr.  
1485 North Blosser Road  
Santa Maria, Calif. 93454

Dear Mr. Durley:

Thank you for your welcome letter of the 9th. I'm pleased to learn that the current issue of "Guadalcanal Echoes" has finally made its way to your area of the Country.

I can **well** understand the frustration you feel in connection with the 'Allied' Memorial on Guadalcanal. For years, this writer and others tried, and tried, and tried to get various 'Authorities', and Veterans Organizations interested in a "Memorial" somewhere on Guadalcanal. As for the U.S. Battle Monuments Commission, I'll not dignify their mention with any comment at this time except to add our **complete** agreement!

The **three** Obelisks, with Plaques attached, are from left to right to — U.S. Marine, Raiders, 1st Marine Division, Coastwatchers/Solomon Islanders. Tom Cleary being a former Marine Raider, of course covered the Raider Plaque. By prior agreement, our April/May Anzac Tour Group carried along a Raider Plaque plus that contributed by 1st Marine Div. Ass'n. With exception of the plaque contributed by 1st Mar. Div. Ass'n., Tom Cleary **underwrote** the rest of the entire project, including the Coastwatcher/Solomon Islander plaque hand delivered early in August. GCVA cooperated by providing 'contacts' all around, over here and on Guadalcanal, and in trying to keep the entire project on schedule . . . one helluva lot of back and forth!!

Through this office, we maintain contact with **all** of the other organizations you mention, and more, this in the main via exchange of 'Newsletters'. To this date, except for your letter received here today, we've not heard "peep-one" from any of these, or others. Perhaps the interest in joining in a cooperative effort is just not there?

Amongst our August Tour Group, we had an ex-Americal Div. man, several ex-25th Div. men. At the memorial dedication, I must confess as to embarrassment that it all appeared to be most a U.S. Marine 'show'. To their credit, all of these appeared to participate in it all with good grace. In prepared remarks, this writer did his best to do credit to **all** the combined efforts on Guadal during the Campaign, as did Father Gehring with his Eulogy.

As for Noelle Mason, and Jack Read, and at the request of Americal Div.

Ass'n., we assured their accommodations at the Hotel Mendana instead of at Tamba Village . . . 28 miles removed from the scene. This took Cables back & forth to Australia, Telex's to and from Guadal. We made certain that **both** participated in all of the events pre-programmed by our "Committee" friends in Honiara. Jack Read participated in the Dedication ceremony, along with Martin Clemens, represented Americal Div., Martin the 'Coastwatchers'.

You had mentioned the CBs. Several year's back we hand carried a **heavy** Plaque contributed by the 6th Seabee Ass'n. On arrival at the Henderson Memorial site this August, I was surprised to discover their plaque already mounted on a small Monument within the Memorial perimeter. The authorities informed that the Seabee 'Plaque' was "too heavy" for mounting on a wall in the Henderson 'Terminal', and so they had mounted it on the monument outside. All of this, of course, was at Tom Cleary's expense. Also, yours truly hand carried a large 6th Seabee 'Flag' to Guadal from Winter Haven, arranged for it to be permanently flown on one of the 3 Flagpoles. To this day also, this office has not heard "peep-one" from 6th Seabee Ass'n., not even a "thanks" . . . Maybe Tom Cleary has?

In short, and in reply to your suggestion, GCVA is in no position to "spearhead" a drive on behalf of **other** organizations. We will, on request, assist any and all of these to the best of our abilities . . . period. The initiative must come from them, not from here.

Sincerely,

Al Bonney

C.C.: Americal Div. Ass'n.

164th Inf. Ass'n.

25th Inf. Div. Ass'n.

Enclosure

Feb. 3, 1983

304 16th St. SW

Jamestown, ND 58401

Dear Keith,

Enjoyed the St. Paul reunion. Met a few buddies I had not saw for 40 years — Willis Sewall, Gail Landes & Robert Corcoran.

Your December 164th Inf. News was enjoyed. The McCuauley, picture of "E" Co. and our fox holes on coffin corner at Guadalcanal.

Enclosed is \$10.00 check from Marvin C. Anderson, Eldridge, North Dakota 58435, for 2 years dues and the 164th Infantry News.

Yours truly,

Louis Hanson

Dec. 17, 1982

Sec. 164th Inf. Assn.

Box 1111

Bismarck, ND 58501

Gentlemen:

I am enclosing my dues to \$15.00 which I always need in the postage which you are always under the gun. This might help the organization in growing or holding their own in our struggle to keep the Association solvent.

Recently I sent most of my diary to you on the Guadalcanal Campaign. In one of your previous editions of the 164th Inf. News you had one complete page with pictures which was taken from my album of pictures, so you should have a complete set up on the Battle of the 164th Inf. on Guadalcanal.

I recently sent to you my more or less a complete history of Guadalcanal. Day by day notes was sent to the Fargo Forum when I returned from Guadalcanal. I told them I didn't want any compensation for it as I wanted to let fathers and mothers know what the boys went through.

Later the Infantry Journal wanted my notes on the 2nd Battle of Guadalcanal and their copy of May or June 1943 came out with my entire story.

I still have more for the history which I took to the Valley City Convention and everything I had in my possession was Xeroxed and supposed to be sent to Col. Broccop. If needed I'll try to find in my files any more information you might need to incorporate in your history.

Sorry if I cannot be of more help. I'm trying to get Xerox copies of what you might need.

Sincerely,

Samuel Baglien (Ret)

Secretary 164th Inf.

Box 1111

Bismarck, N.D. 58502

Dear Sir:

Please find our check enclosed for membership and subscription of 164th News for:

Paul J. McMeriman

135 Cumberland Road

Lowell, Mass. 01850

Today, we had a letter from him after several years of never hearing from him. He writes that he had had a severe stroke two years ago, and is not fully recovered as yet.

Perhaps other buddies would like to write him. Let's get him to the reunion next year!

Sincerely yours,

Marvin Seas

*Note: Thank you a lot, Marvin for your sincere interest. KPP*

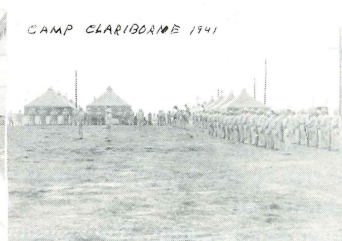




CAMP CLAIRBORNE LA.



BROWNIE SACK TIME



CAMP CLAIRBORNE 1941



THE OLE SLIT TRENCH



A BAMPSEY DAY CAMP CLAIRBORNE LA. 1941



JESS BANDO + DAN SULLIVAN



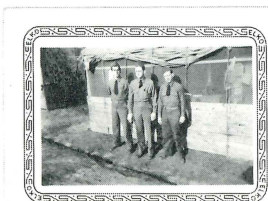
LOADING OUT AT SAN FRANCISCO CA.

LOADING AT SAN FRANCISCO CA.



FATHER TRACY CELEBRATING MASS NEW CALE

NEW CALE DONIA SHOWERS





## Doctor Shares Memories Of Guadalcanal

Forty years ago, a tough little physician went over the side of a troop ship, down a landing net and into a small boat for the trip to the beach of blood-stained Guadalcanal.

Maj. George Schatz, then 40, was the first Army medical doctor to set foot on the jungled island during World War II. He was assigned to the First Marine Division which had landed easily on Aug. 7, 1942, then fought a series of savage battles with Japanese troops on what Schatz described as "the worst terrain our men ever fought on."

Schatz wasn't ashore very long when "40 (Japanese) planes came over on a bombing and strafing run. There weren't enough palm trees for all the officers to hide behind," he said.

"Several nights later I was walking with another officer. He pointed seaward and said, 'Look at our ships out there.' I wish he hadn't said that. There were 12 ships, but they were Japanese, and started firing just as he spoke. We ran out and lay on the edge of the beach. The island shook. When we came back we had casualties, and I found one of my friends had been killed."

### Officer Describes Battlefield

Schatz said that at first he had no tent or operating table, he just "did operations right on the ground." He said the seriously wounded were "flown out at night so the (Japanese) planes wouldn't see them and shoot them down."

An infantry officer who fought near Schatz on Guadalcanal, told the Fargo (N.D.) Forum newspaper in the 1940s about the physician's bravery: "He personally engaged in evacuating wounded from the front lines with improvised transportation. One often would see him helping to carry wounded men on litters. Other times he would be loading them onto peeps (an early nickname for jeeps) to be taken to field stations. Frequently he was under enemy shell fire, but that didn't make any difference to George; he had a job to do and he did it."

Schatz said during a recent interview, "That was something we had to do we had no choice. One was a buddy of mine. His guts were hanging down on his belly. My jeep driver and I went and got him. We picked up four of them. I didn't like to go out there and get shot at either, but somebody had to."

He said he told his men, "We're all going to be scared. Fear is a normal sense. He who has no fear has no sense. The thing to do is to overcome your fear."

Schatz received the Silver Star medal for disregarding his own safety to help others on Guadalcanal. In "six or seven months there all I got was a scratch on the cheek."

Schatz, who will be 81 next April, was the seventh son of a Dakota Territory pioneer. His stories are many, and as he warms up in the telling, his enthusiasm for people and living spills over and he reverts to the German phrases of his childhood. "I can speak German better than English, I swear," he says, laughing and raising his right hand as though taking an oath. The right hand is raised frequently as he talks.

One of his favorite stories about himself is his birth. "I always kidded my father that he didn't like me because the midwife charged him \$2 when I was born. 'The ugliest one of them all and he cost me \$2. I showed him to the cat and the cat ran away,' my dad would say.

"When my younger brother John was born Dad had a different midwife. He gave her a slab of cremated sow belly — home-cured bacon — because she wouldn't take any money."

Schatz was born and reared in Linton, N.D. His father and mother had come to the territory in a prairie schooner, and for 20 years his father was an auctioneer. His father knew everyone, he said, and everyone knew the family.

Schatz went to medical school at the University of Illinois, graduating in 1929. "It was the Depression and the Dakotas were a dust bowl. Nobody had anything. I delivered 14 babies and got 10 bucks."

Money was slow, but his patients were the stuff of history: Chief Red Tomahawk, then in his 80s, who told Schatz how he shot Sitting Bull in a fatal attempt to arrest the old chief; numerous former ladies of the evening from some of the well-known bawdy houses of the Badlands, and George the Fiddler who once provided the music while the ladies entertained.

"George came in complaining of lower back pains. I took an X-ray. 'George you got old shotgun pellets in your buttocks,' I told him. 'Yup,' said George. 'One of the girls shoot you?' 'Nope.' And that's all George would say," Schatz recalled.

### Long Military Career

The young doctor's financial crunch became too much. "One day a friend of mine asked me why I didn't join the service. The pay wasn't much, but it was regular. I thought about it and then joined the Army at what was then the new Fort Lincoln in Bismarck."

His long military career ended at Ft. Lewis where he retired in December 1945 as assistant post surgeon. Then President Dwight Eisenhower appointed him an associate member of the Board of Veterans Appeals, on which he served 10 years. Later, to keep busy, he did service work for the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

He is retired now and spends as much time as possible amid the beauty and tranquility of the historic town of Index.

### The 164th Infantry News

Thank you very much for my first copies of the News. I enjoyed reading them but just one thing — my copies were addressed **John Doris** which is incorrect. My name is **John Davis** — I want my name to be correctly listed when you list me as a new member. Enclosed are some address labels you can use for mailing. I am having my wife write this and a longer letter later telling of my part in Co. B of the 164th and the Americal Division. You will be hearing from me soon.

Sincerely,  
John Davis  
Box 147

Belcourt, North Dakota 58316  
OK John. The records have been corrected and thank you very much. KPP Editor.

St. Paul, Minn.

Dec. 29, 1982

I am sending a check for ten bucks to cover my 1983 dues anything left over for the kitty.

We are just digging out from a 16 inch snowfall and things are moving pretty slow in St. Paul.

I attended the big reunion here and I thought it was wonderful. Some of the Co. D boys who were here included: Doug McMahon, Les Skarr, Clem Fox, Max Foerster, Vincent Clausen, Max Connyers, Herb Lutt, John Sopeth, John DiMuzio from Massachusetts, also Spark (I don't know Sparky's last name, but someone may) and of course these guys had their wives with them. I think we all had a great get together and lots of fun seeing each other again.

I'm not planning too much for next year as yet, but I'm hoping everything gets together and we may be there in Bismarck. Anyway I'm thinking about coming to North Dakota in June or July up in the Rugby and Rolette area to visit.

Good luck everyone and a Happy New Year.

Leland Swensgard  
2158 St. Anthony Ave.  
St. Paul, Minn. 55104



# How Many Remember?

## ODDESY OF A SOLDIER

When Uncle Sam first thought of trouble  
In the year of '41,  
I was just another youngster  
Havin' me a lot of fun.

Never was no hand for trouble  
Didn't look for it at all  
But Hitler and his yellow partner  
Sort of backed me to the wall.

Never to cared to be a soldier  
as some youngsters often wish  
only cared to live my own life  
in the land I loved in peace.

Yet I truly love my country  
As does all my sturdy race  
And would give my life if need be  
to defend our land of grace.

The draft board then was taking young men  
Into training for a year  
Though I expected trouble sooner  
So I went a volunteer.

I went down to Old Camp Claiborne,  
took my medical exam  
With my word upon the bible  
Swore my country to defend.

While I stayed at Old Camp Claiborne,  
Life for me seemed rather great  
For I could go home every weekend  
With my girl friend for a date.

As soldiers life can't all be sunshine  
Soon they said they thought it best  
That we have a change of climate  
So they sent us fellows west.

Put us all in just one troop train  
Shipped us half way cross the land  
In only nine coaches, stranger  
Packed like sardines in a can.

That trip I will long remember,  
Of course we had a lot of fun,  
Though three-thousand miles is a  
lot of railroad  
We were glad when it was done.

We got off the train in California  
At a place as I will tell  
Where the sun shines in the summer  
Like an oven over hell.

If you've been there then you've guessed it  
It's not so easy to forget  
For another place like Old Camp Roberts  
Hasn't been discovered yet.

They sent us there to get our training  
And their word now all believe  
They took us out and drilled us  
Until we almost had the heaves.

Now with this hardy exercise  
We had no time for trifles  
But as our muscles toughened up  
They trained us with our rifles.

When at last most to perfection  
We had learned close order drill,  
They took us out on parades  
Which I can remember still.

You would stand there at attention  
With the sun a beating down  
Until your socks would curl around your toes  
From the heat upon the ground.

When at last you were so dizzy,  
You could no longer hardly stand  
You would hear the command "Forward  
March"  
And step off with the band.

We learned to do without our water,  
In that hot and broiling sun,  
That, I think, upon this soldier,  
Was the hardest thing I done.

Not least among our troubles,  
Our full field pack we'd make,  
And Hike along for twenty miles,  
Yet seldom take a break.

For thirteen weeks we kept this up,  
Perhaps you wonder how,  
The least of any help I got  
Was from our Army chow.

Though at last our training finished,  
We had learned a soldiers game,  
So they split us up and sent us out  
To camps of a different name.

My move was a short one,  
Fort Ord was my destination,  
Change though seemed as great to me,  
As if I'd moved across the nation.

The seven months that I was there,  
I never shall forget.  
For in my heart there's deepest love  
For comrades that I met.

Then came my disappointment,  
I expected a furlough  
The Japs then bombed Pearl harbor,  
Of course I didn't go.

For long months now I'd been thinking,  
Of the girl I'd left back home,  
And the Christmas that I'd see her,  
And the folks for which I'd longed.

Well it really made us angry  
Every fellows heart was set,  
To learn them guys a lesson  
That they wouldn't soon forget.

I for one was no exception  
And the chance came soon for me,  
I was transferred to an outfit  
That was going overseas.

We took the train to Frisco,  
I guess my heart was pretty sad  
I was with a bunch of strangers  
And knew not a single lad.

But there's one thing 'bout the army  
That soon brightened up my fate,  
For I was still with soldiers  
And they treat their comrades great.

'Twas on the eighteenth day of March,  
We went aboard our ship,  
But no one seemed really anxious  
For to make that ocean trip.

Our ship was really classy,  
About as nice as you will see,  
The SS President Coolidge,  
One of the fastest ships at sea.

As we sailed out that afternoon  
Beneath the Golden Gate,  
You felt love for your country  
That was sincere, strong, and great.

As we sailed out from the harbor  
And our voyage had begun,  
Thoughts of home would start a longin'  
In the heart of everyone.

For days we sailed out on the water,  
Yet our course we did not know,  
Though we guessed our destination  
As the Northern star grew low.

We drew nearer the equator  
Our course seemed no longer right,  
And in vain we sought the Northern Star,  
In the heavens through the night.

We had quite a time at guessing  
But were at a total loss,  
Until we found as our new symbol  
To the south the Southern Cross.

Eighteen days upon the water  
Since our voyage we began,  
When that evening to our starboard  
We had finally sighted land.

It was sure a sight of welcome  
We had waited long to see,  
And our feet soon started itching  
On good earth ones more to be.

We sailed into the harbor,  
And there we dropped the hook,  
And as our ship lay at anchor  
You should have seen the fellows look.

As we went up to the dock next morning  
The ship was all in a turmoil,  
For we had all worked a sweat up,  
To get our feet on Aussie soil.

Nine days we spent at Melbourne,  
And the fun we had, oh my;  
That's something me and all the others  
Will remember till we die.

The people there were just as friendly  
As any place I've ever been,  
The kind of honest upright fellows,  
That you like to call your friend.



None of the fellows had a cent,  
Broke flat as Charles McCarthy,  
But every person that you met  
Would take you on a party.

The Aussie soldiers set the drinks up,  
And we'd drink them to be nice;  
And those girls in old Australia  
Made a soldiers paradise.

Those girls were really gorgeous,  
Went in numbers by the score;  
You'd run around with only one,  
But date with forty more.

But then it came our time to leave,  
And we left behind their shore,  
Though each one had a longin'  
For to venture there once more.

We went aboard the Maitsuycher,  
Headed for a Free French isle,  
And were going for a purpose  
That would hardly make one smile.

We made the trip there safely,  
Took our cargo all ashore;  
Then went inland on the Island  
That was jungle little more.

Our work was hard there all the time,  
Though everyone kept smilin'  
While the Japs around us seemed most sure  
To try to invade our Island.

Our chances they were slim at first,  
That is with one exception;  
That each one thought that when they did,  
They'd get a hot reception.

Though things kept getting hotter,  
Around us every day,  
Until our cousins in the Navy,  
Stepped in those devil's way.

Caught the convoy off our island,  
Somewhere in the Coral Sea,  
What they left of that Jap outfit  
Couldn't harm a crippled flea.

Things then quieted down around us  
All we had to do was toil;  
Standing guard around some ration dump,  
Unloading gas and oil.

Though we knew we'd soon see action,  
And some how didn't care;  
For we longed to share the burden  
That our comrades had to bear.

For we'd heard the tales of battle,  
That the Marines to us told,  
And we swore to have our vintage,  
Though they made our heart grow cold.

Though all too soon we got the chance  
For to earn our meat and beans,  
They sent us to the Solomons  
To fight beside Marines.

Now we're tired weary soldiers  
Are me and my pal,  
And a long ways from home  
on Guadalcanal.

We have no way of leaving,  
So I guess that we will stay,  
And will fight hard for our country  
For about two bucks a day.

It surely is a hot spot  
And we've had a few bad times,  
If we're not there ducking shrapnel,  
We're upon the front-most lines.

The first day that we landed,  
Things seemed peaceful and quiet,  
But things got started popping,  
Before it was ever night.

At twelve o'clock noon,  
Some Jap bombers came o'er  
And dropped all their cargo  
There upon our shore.

We worked hard that day,  
And we're tired as could be,  
And set down to rest after supper  
By a tall coconut tree.

But there in the shade  
Not long did we stay  
Until a heavy Jap Cruiser  
Sailed into the bay.

He opened his guns up,  
And shells they came down,  
And they hit all around me,  
I could tell by their sound.

Though I couldn't raise up  
To where I could see,  
For six guys in my fox-hole  
Were on top of me.

We moved out that night,  
But no shelter we found,  
So we laid down to sleep  
On top of the ground.

Then just after midnight,  
Another shelling we got,  
And before that was over,  
My nerves they were shot.

I was hugging the ground  
As close as could be.  
But I stuck up a mile  
It seemed like to me.

In the next four days  
I had lost forty pounds,  
Sweat out in a dug-out  
Under the ground.

Twenty-seven air raids we had,  
And our troubles were great  
Until to our relief  
Came the P-38.

Tojo's fun then was over,  
For you can bet it hurt his eyes  
To see his zeros all worked up by Yanks,  
Into bracelets, rings, and knives.

But then as if these air raids  
Weren't enough to bother me,  
Tojo would send his ships in  
And shell us from the sea.

Though our Navy like our Air Corp  
Grew larger every day,  
Until at last we had plenty,  
For to keep the Japs away.

But there was one Nip who  
out-foxed us,  
And came over every night;  
And our boys just couldn't get him  
Though they tried with all their might.

His planes it had two motors,  
A cross between a Maytag and Harley,  
'Twas from them he got the nickname  
That was known as Maytag Charlie.

He came over us quite often  
Though he was seldom ever seen,  
We always knew 'twas Charlie,  
In his darned Maytag machine.

When you heard his plane a comin'  
Head-first you'd hit our hole,  
And before you hit the bottom,  
You were prayin' for your soul.

Soon you'd hear a screeching whistle  
And you'd closely hug the ground,  
For no one had to tell you  
They were bombs a comin' down.

If they happened to land near you  
Or if they missed a mile,  
They always left an empty feeling  
And you didn't care to smile.

He gave us a lot of trouble,  
But he was sure a lucky cuss;  
He got by with so many things,  
He was most a legend to us.

One night he even got so bold  
He came in on the radio,  
And swapped a few yarns with 'em  
And bragged about his Tojo.

They paid no attention to this,  
But the thing that had 'em beat,  
Was when he said he was from Frisco,  
Down on Fifth and Second Street.

He hung around for quite awhile,  
But he kept up out of sight;  
Then he said he'd best be headin' home  
That he couldn't stay around all night.

But here's a present for you,  
I hope you think it's nice;  
Then down upon a little heap,  
Came a great big sack of rice.

Next morning when we seen it,  
Though it once had been a good un;  
It now was scrambled up until  
It looked like a rice puddin'.

Well he kept on getting braver,  
Until he stayed too long one night,  
And our anti-aircraft battery  
Picked his plane up in their light.

It was Charlie's last trip over.  
For down they soon did bring 'er,  
The first barrage they sent up  
Hung his tail up in the wringer.

His nose it soon got heavy,  
And he slowly started down,  
You should have heard them holler,  
When old Charlie hit the ground.

It was early the next morning,  
Everybody hit the deck,  
And to get out first to Charlie  
Everybody broke their neck.

Then each one started snatching  
And grabbing souvenirs,  
And two marines were fighting  
As to which one got his ears.

The first guy there was lucky,  
He got a knife and fancy sheath,  
And with his pliers pulled out  
Seventeen of his gold teeth.

And when they had all finished  
With their plunder and their theft,  
They had taken almost everything.  
Wasn't much of Charlie left.

I started him to bury,  
Though I hardly had begun  
When someone said that's plenty deep  
And another kicked him in.

From the way they grabbed the shovel.  
And threw dirt in on his face  
Somehow gave me the feelin'  
That they cared not for Charlie's race.

Upon his grave they put a cross  
On which these words were seen,  
Was "Here lies Maytag Charlie ,  
And what'd left of his machine."

It was but a few days later  
After Charlie's days were done,  
Was his brother stopped upon  
our shore.  
And brought a great big Gun.

He took the thing up in the hills  
And hid it safe away,  
Where our planes they couldn't find it  
Though they hunted every day.

He kept the darn thing busy,  
Wouldn't let us eat nor sleep,  
Kept us ready every moment  
For to duck old Pistol Pete.

All through the day he gave us heck,  
But he'd never fire at night  
He knew then that our patrol planes  
Could pick him up all right.

Though one night Marines advancing  
Got up close to him at last,  
And Pete he must lost his nerve  
For he was shooting plenty fast.

It tickled us to hear him firing  
For we knew his days were done,  
That our plane couldn't keep  
from seein'  
The flashes of his gun.

A dive bomber soon had taken off,  
And we bid Pistol Pete farewell,  
As he dropped a thousand pounder  
Down the muzzle of his barrel.

As to where that gun and Pete went  
There's none of us that know,  
But probably pieces of them  
Went plumb back to Tokyo.

Though of one thing we are certain,  
There was none of him left near,  
The Marines hunted over forty acres,  
And couldn't find a souvenir.

The Nips they didn't like this  
They must have thought it was a crime  
For they got a bunch together,  
Tried to push through our east line.

But for this we had been waiting  
We grabbed our guns and ammunition  
And went up to the front lines  
To give them lads some competition.

They were Tojo's crack outfit  
His Imperial star troops,  
But within two short hours  
We had them piled up in groups.

The first Jap I saw  
Coming over the hill  
Bumped into a machine gun,  
Doing close order drill.

Then early next morning  
Hid up in a tree  
Was a little Jap sniper  
A shootin' at me.

I shore got his goat,  
For to his disgrace,  
I set by my foxhole  
And laughed in his face.

But at last he got better  
And wasn't missing too far  
So I dusted him out  
With my old BAR.

After this we made a little drive  
And cleared the east end of our isle,  
Then went back to our area,  
To rest there for awhile.

Then they thought to clear the west end  
And kick them all off our shore,  
And the ones they thought to lead  
the drive  
Was the good old I-6-4-.

The first day we advanced three miles  
With no sign of a fight,  
And there for the last time all-together  
Made our bivouac for the night.

Then early the next morning,  
As the sun began to rise  
We went across a holler,  
And formed our lines to start the drive.

That we would have trouble plenty  
I think was felt by everyone,  
And we'd hardly started over  
Bfore the battle had begun.

Machine guns they had fixed to  
cross-fire  
Snipers hidden all round.  
And as they opened their first volley  
Half our boys were shot down.

All that you could do was lay there  
And hug the good old ground,  
While bullets whistled over  
And kicked dust up all around.

I soon found myself a wishin'  
That I'd have made out my will,  
The word came down from the CP  
To withdraw back up the hill.

Their machine guns still were going  
Mortar fire was everywhere  
And I prayed to God to guide me,  
As I crawled back out of there.

I guess he musta heard me  
For I got back behind the crest,  
And took off my pick and shovel  
For to dig in with the rest.



Somehow we made out till evening,  
Although we had a scattered line  
Then for our reinforcements  
Marines they moved up from behind.

The next day I will long remember,  
For my heart it felt like lead,  
As we carried back the wounded,  
And buried all the dead.

They were brave men these who  
died there  
And in memory will live long,  
Ever in the hearts of others  
Who have still to carry on.

For they will fight there for  
their country,  
That old glory still might wave  
O'er the island of Guadal  
Whereupon we marked their grave.

For one sees many deeds in action  
Done by comrades at your side.  
Who gave their life to gain a purpose  
For which other comrades died.

When these hard things in battle  
Are before your eyes to see,  
Then you realize its value,  
The price we paid for liberty.

Tojo he can never take it,  
For our very oldest man  
Would come over if 'twas needed  
To kick the tar out of Japan.

For we're all proud to defend it,  
And it I'm sure we'll gain  
When this war is at last over,  
And we go back home again.

When we sail again to Frisco,  
And I see that golden gate  
It will seem to me most heaven,  
For so long I've had to wait.

And as I step ashore there  
I'll know deep in my heart  
How much I truly love my country,  
And never from her will I part.

When at last I see my sweetheart,  
Oh how happy I will be,  
With my other friends around me  
Where their faces I can see.

Yes I'll truly then be happy,  
All my troubles there shall cease,  
For we've paid the price of freedom,  
And can live our lives in peace.

END

*NOTE: The author of this is unknown to us here at the Paper. If anyone knows would you please let me know for it's a good one.*

*Thanks!  
Your Editor,  
Keith P. Parsons*

## Letters . . .

Super Bowl Sunday  
31 January 1983

Mr. Keith Parsons,

I'm coming aboard (to use your terminology) and am starting to contact a few persons. It came to my attention that a void appears and request your assistance.

I assume there are four (4) issues of the paper yearly. Your inclusion of the volume dated 21 March 1983 was excellent and helped me to zero in on names. (My recall is improving). But I need your help. Do you or have you released previous issues that would contain listings by 1st, 2nd, & 3rd Bn membership? I am interested in the 3rd Bn Hq Co. that may contain a roster of it about 1941, early Camp Claiborn time. Also any previous issues that contained names and addresses of the 3rd Bn. or any other issues that may be of interest. I am writing and am enclosing some pictures that may be of some interest to someone.

Yours truly,  
Dan Sullivan

P.S. To whome it may concern. I am interested in contacting the following:

1. Clarence (Corky) Drenth, 3rd Bn Hq 164th Inf.
2. Harvey Elling, 3rd Bn Hq 164th Inf.
3. Any relative of Mervin Terring (SP) (KIA)

4. Hartense D. Johnson, M-Co. 164th Inf., (Born at Two Harbors, MN)

Thanks Dan Sullivan

*Editors Note: Can anyone help Dan?*

Hi! Enclosed \$15.00 — \$5.00 dues and \$10 for "Kitty". Sorry I could not attend reunion in Minneapolis. Due to business reasons I was unable to take the time. I have been informed I was elected Vice President which means Dickinson will more than likely be host to 1984 Reunion. We are looking forward to it and it will be a good one. I plan on retiring this summer so will have time to prepare for the "invasion". "Hang in there" — Look forward to 164th News & feel guilty that I don't help by contributing information and news to help you out because I know it's tough without a lot of support from members. Will try and do this in future. Keep up the good work!!!

Gordy LaMont  
Co. C, L, & 3rd Bn. Hdqrs.  
1037 4 Ave. W.  
Dickinson, ND 58601

Belle Plains, MN.  
Jan. 18, 1983

Dear Sir,

Enclosed you will find my association dues for 1983. Also I am enclosing a news item which I cut out of the Minneapolis Star-Tribune sometime in November. The headlines are 'Panel favors paying Japanese-Americans confined during WWII'.

I don't know how you feel about that, but I feel that those of us that fought the war are being downgraded in favor of the Japanese-American that were confined in detention camps on the West Coast.

It's the compensation the panel plans to give them that bothers me, which could be as high \$25,000 to each one of about 60,000 survivors at a cost of 1.5 billion dollars.

I assume there are many in our association that feel the way I do, as I roughly estimated my total pay for over 4 years of service comes to around \$2800. However I had the misfortune of remaining a p.v.t. for about 2 years and 4 months, I was a T-5 later on as I was a first aid man with K Co. on Guadalcanal, Fiji, and Bougainville. I am now 70 years old and retired 3 years ago, I was in a hospital for 10 days, with Angina Pectoris. So now I'm taking pills, instead of giving them out like Atatrine? Although I feel quite good. I don't trust myself to be too far away from home unless someone is with me.

I'll be looking for the next issue of the 164th Inf. News.

Arthur Johnson  
313 East Main Street  
Belle Plaine, Minn. 56011

December 6, 1982  
Tunas, MO.

Secretary  
164th Inf. Association

Just a few lines to let you all know what a great time I had at the St. Paul Reunion. The committee done one hell of a job putting that one together. (Too bad that more members from ND couldn't come.)

The committee could not have done better if they were paid. My hat is off to all of them.

Enclosed find check for \$10.00, \$5.00 for dues and \$5.00 for where it is needed most.

Thanks to all,  
J.M. Emster

# Letters . . .

Grand Forks, ND  
Dec. 30, 1982

Dear Sir,

Enclosed is the dues for my husband herman V. Gerszewski who is already a member. I lost the insert to send back to you with payment of dues.

Also I sent \$5.00 for an application for membership for my brother Raymond L. Hartje who was with my husband all the way from Camp Claiborne to when they were discharged. So please send him membership and 164th Inf.

December 4, 1982

Dear Sirs:

Enclosed is a check for 1983 dues, but I just want to say that my wife and I enjoyed the reunion very much. Met lots of old friends and their wives.

I think that the committee did a wonderful job and deserve our many thanks for all their hard work.

I would like to wish all my buddies from 164th a joyous and happy Christmas and New Year.

"Co M" Geo Huffman

Dear Sir:

Would like information about a book called 'Under the Southern Cross'. The book is about the 164th Inf. from 1883 to 1955. Where can it be bought, and for how much?

Thank You,  
Clarence L. Risser  
1501 E. Bowen Ave.  
Bismarck, N.D. 58501

P.S. Also would like latest issue of 164th Inf. paper.

1413 Fourth Street  
Brookings, So. Dak.  
December 22, 1982

Feb. 1983  
Mesa, AZ

Would you believe? Surprise! Surprise! Marvin Seas of Brookings, SD was seen having supper at the Kings Kitchen on the famed Apache trail in Mesa Arizona by your Editor wherein we had a real fine visit. I do admit he spotted me but I'm glad.

Feb 8, 1983  
Fargo, N.D.  
Dear Keith,

In the January 83 Issue of the DAV magazine page 26, Ralph E. Heagy, E. 8703 — Harrington, Spokane, Wash. 99206. Under Camp Claiborne, LA, 1941 wanted to hear from former members of B Co. 164th Inf. 34th Infantry Div.

I wrote to Ralph and found he was inducted Feb. 10, 1941 and left with B Co. on troop train to Camp Claiborne, LA. He left B Co. after a few months and was discharged. His right leg gave out and could not keep up on marches. After returning to civilian life doctors found a blood clot and had several operations. He now has plastic arteries from the heart to the ankle.

I don't know if Lloyd Towne remembers him. His nickname was "Barney" and he was in Al Aranda's squad. He was going to the Ag College (NDSU) and was from Jamestown, N.D. when he signed up.

Enclosed is a check for \$12.00 for my 1983 dues and Ralph Heagy's new membership. The extra two dollars are for the last issue of the 164th Inf. News to be sent to Ralph if possible.

Sincerely yours,  
Huston Galyen  
1444 5 Ave South  
Fargo, ND 58103

Hi! Enclosed will find check for 1983 dues and five for the kitty.

Do you think they will ever have a Reunion in the summer or vacation months?

As ever,  
Neil A. Tennyson  
Northridge, CA

This is the Invocation given at the 1983 164th Reunion at St. Paul, Mn. by Edward F. Lutz.

Barton, N.D.  
2-1-83

Dear Keith:

I am writing to ask a favor of you. In a previous issue of the News there were letters from John Van Eendurberg and Frank Paternosten both formally of "M" Co. If they are on your mailing list would you please send me their addresses?

We didn't make it to the reunion due to bad weather and late crops but plan to be in Bismarck in '83.

Hope they get something done on the history soon so we can enjoy it rather than just our children.

Keep up the good work, we really enjoy the News.

Sincerely,  
John H. Tuff  
R.R. 2, Box 114  
Barton, N.D. 58315

News.

Thank you & Happy New Year!!

Sincerely,  
Mrs. Virginia Gerszewski  
Jan. 9, 1983

Dear Sir:

For the enclosed \$5 I wish to become a member of the 164th Inf. Association, and receive any information you can send me. Am especially interested in dates, places, etc. of forthcoming reunions. I was a member of headquarters Company 1st Battalion 164th Inf. from 6/1/44 'til 7/1/45 when I left to become a member of Gen. MacArthur's Honor Guard Company.

My address:

Raymond R. Porter  
3457 Papaya Rd.  
Venice, FL 33595  
Telephone (813) 493-9217

Thank you,  
Ray Porter

## APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP and/or ANNUAL RENEWAL 164th INFANTRY ASSOCIATION of the UNITED STATES

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Unit Served With and Dates \_\_\_\_\_

Mailing Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip Code No. \_\_\_\_\_

**DUES FOR 1983 — \$5.00, includes subscription to 164th News.**

**Send to: Secretary 164th Infantry, Box 1111, Bismarck, North Dakota 58502**



## Letters . . .

November 1, 1982

Mr. Secretary:

Enclosed is a check for \$50 for a life membership and also \$5 for the paper. See you in Bismarck in 1983.

Fran Sommers

221 W Maryland Avenue

St. Paul, Minnesota 55117

October 18, 1982

Rochester, MN

Dear Sir:

After checking through the rubble in my desk, I found the notice to pay my 1982 dues, so am mailing it in. I could have paid them at the reunion but thought I had paid them long ago.

Had a good time at the reunion and was so nice to see old buddies again and was glad we could make it to the reunion.

Best wishes,

Vincent J. Schmitt

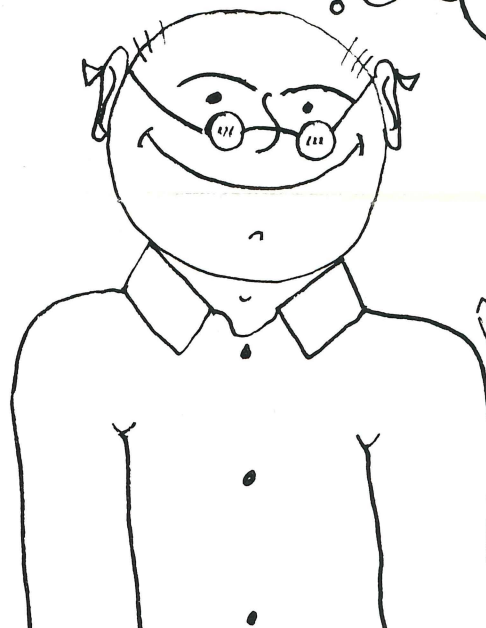
1003 6th Ave. NW

Rochester, MN 55901

SOME OF OUR FAMOUS ELECTED OFFICIALS SAY THAT ONE OF THE REASONS AGRICULTURE IS IN TROUBLE IS OVERPRODUCTION..... AND, IN EFFECT, THIS PROBLEM CAN BE ELIMINATED BY THE GOVERNMENT PAYING THOSE WHO DON'T OVERPRODUCE.

SO..... PERHAPS, WE CAN APPLY THIS SAME THEORY TO ALL WHO ARE THINKING ABOUT OVERPRODUCING!

IT'S SO  
EASY!



By ABBOTT  
OBERLIN, IA  
1/14/83

## The 164th Infantry News

Box 1111

BISMARCK, N.D. 58502

ALVIN TOLLEF3RUD

MAYVILLE, NDAK 58257